

# LITTLE BAREFOOT.

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Standing where the bleak winds whistled  
Round her small and fragile form;  
Arms within torn garments nestled,  
Standing there at night and morn;  
Hundreds passing by unheeding,  
Except to jostle her aside,  
There, with bare feet cold and bleeding,  
She in tones of anguish cried:  
"Mister! Please give me a penny,  
For I've not got any Pa;  
Please, sir, give me just one penny,  
I want to buy some bread for Ma."  
While we beg for those with plenty,  
And for them to us unknown,  
We'll not forget our little "barefoot,"  
They are "heathens" nearer home.

Hailing thus each passing stranger,  
As they hurriedly went by,  
Some would turn and gaze upon her,  
Pity beaming from their eye;  
Others cast a frown upon her,  
Heeding not the plaintive cry;  
"I must have some bread for Mother,  
Or with hunger she will die."  
"Mister! please give me," &c.  
CHORUS.—While we beg for those, &c.

There one chilly day in winter,  
Barefoot sat upon the pave,  
Outstretched were her little fingers,  
But no pennies did she crave.  
There, while begging bread for Mother,  
Death had chilled her little heart,  
Yet each day we see some other  
Playing Little Barefoot's part.  
"Mister! please give me," &c.  
CHORUS.—While we beg for those, &c.